

### COLLEGE GIRL BOOTBLACK.

Made Enough Money to Take a Course at Vassar.

Denver, Sept. 30.—Miss Lu Verne Elizabeth Hall, the plucky Denver girl who has been conducting a ladies' bootblacking establishment to earn money for a college education, leaves the Western city today for Poughkeepsie, where she will matriculate at Vassar for a four years' course.

Miss Hall has been extremely successful in her undertaking; in fact, the revenues from bootblacking during the summer were sufficient to guarantee at least a year's tuition. She will not close her establishment, which is situated right in the heart of the shopping district of Denver, but will continue to run it throughout the four years.

The business is no longer an experiment; it has been so thoroughly advertised that hundreds of ladies from every section of the city are now regular patrons. While Miss Hall is pursuing her studies in the East a young woman who has acted as cashier will look after the business, and a half dozen uniformed attendants will do the "shining."

The novel business was conceived early in the summer. The girl's parents did not have the means to assist her in a college education, and as ordinary work at a salary would not enable her to get together the necessary funds, she sought some other way out of the difficulty. Miss Hall, with commendable foresight, decided upon the bootblacking idea as the one most practicable.

She accordingly rented space in the rear of a confectionery store in the downtown district and hung out her sign. One colored man was employed, and he was busy a very small part of the time for the first week or so. When the object of Miss Hall's venture became noised about the business showed signs of improvement. The rush did not commence, however, until the newspapers told in detail about the enterprise and the young woman back of it.

In three weeks Miss Hall increased her force to three men and enlarged her parlors to keep pace with her rapidly growing trade. Later on it got to be a "fad" to patronize Miss Hall, and within a remarkably brief period she and her admirers were rejoicing over the fact that the success of the thing exceeded her most sanguine expectations. By the 1st of August the force numbered seven people, a cashier and six "shiners," who have been kept busy almost constantly ever since.

Miss Hall, who is very modest, was delighted over the success of her venture, but was much grieved because the public has seen fit to regard her as something of a curiosity. She is of the brunette type, with a wealth of dark and large expressive eyes, which some one has declared to be heavenly. She has fine features and her figure is well rounded and graceful.

The receipts from her bootblacking parlors during the month of August aggregated nearly \$1,000. Some idea of the fame that Miss Hall has so strangely acquired can be gained from the fact that for the past six weeks her mail reached several hundred letters weekly. These letters came from every state in the Union. Some of the writers congratulated her for her luck, others contained offers for financial aid and free schooling, while not a few were proposals of marriage. Miss Hall employed a typewriter and replied to all, thanking them for the interest displayed in her behalf, but declining their offers.

Among the proposals of marriage was one from a Hoboken druggist.

Cotton-seed waste, which a generation ago accumulated at the gin-houses, filled the streams, rotted in the fields, and became an irritating nuisance, is now worth about thirty million dollars a year. Every bale of cotton leaves a legacy of half a ton of seed, which, it is said, brings the planter nearly as much as his cotton. The oil is used for finer grades of soap, as a substitute for lard, and is so near olive oil that an expert can hardly detect the difference. The hulls are fed to cattle, make an excellent fuel, and when burned the ashes make a fertilizer which is most efficacious. It has recently been discovered that cotton-seed oil, with the addition of eighteen per cent of crude India rubber, makes an imitation which cannot be distinguished from genuine rubber.

Sawdust and shavings are not the industrial outcasts as usually believed. They have been turned to account in making a finely powdered vegetable charcoal, excellent as a filtering medium. Sawdust is now mixed with mortar, in the place of hair. In sawmills, by a series of automatic fans and flues, the sawdust is carried to another building and fed to the engine as fuel. Sawdust is converted into oxalic acid—this method of making the chemical having by its cheapness and rapidity displaced every other method. The sawdust of hard woods, such as rosewood, ebony, etc., is by a French invention reduced to a powder, and mixed with blood into a paste, some other materials are added and it is pressed into moulds, where it receives beautiful medallion impressions.

Kelp, or seaweed, usually considered one of Nature's superfluities, if properly treated is a Gay Little plaid gown are all the waist. Many of them have a plain cloth yoke and epaulettes of the same color for school wear. They are made with a full gored skirt and a blouse cloth. School frocks can be bought ready made as cheap as \$4.65, but those which are apt to be most satisfactory cost anywhere from \$10 to \$15.

The farmers of the Northwest have been using hemp or jute twine for binding their wheat, at a cost of from one hundred and twenty dollars per ton for the raw material, which is imported. An Iowa man recently discovered that an excellent twine can be made from marsh grass to be found in every bog and slough. It can be made into ropes of any size and can be woven into coarse cloth to make the jute bagging for cotton

### DISCOVERED THE KLONDIKE

Once in a while, amid the mass of Klondyke information, there has been passing reference to one Robert Henderson, "The Discoverer of the Klondyke." He has not been a spectacular figure, he has not been interviewed at great length, he has not come to New York to organize a Klondyke company. What his gains have been no one knows, concerning his losses nobody cares. He has been looked upon sometimes as a man at whose door fortune lingered and knocked without response. He has been classed as a failure. There are two of these Hendersons—Robert and Henry—and what has been said of the one has been also said of the other. Yet deep in the quiet eyes of those two men is a look which tells that they, at least, do not consider their lives a failure. This is the story told by Henry Henderson himself. He is now in New York, on his way from his Nova Scotia home to the Klondyke. He leaves Saturday.

Tucked into a little bay in the middle of Nova Scotia, where the winters are long and the summers short, and where hardship is a condition, not a theory, is an island which goes by the name of Big Island. The people living in the neighborhood are mostly Scotch, which perhaps accounts for the name of the bit of land, for that island is exactly three miles long by one mile wide. On that island the Henderson boys were born. The first instruction they got from their mother was: "Always hold the sheet in your hand." The mainland was a mile away, equals were frequent. The mother's law was the local precaution, for in those waters a lashed mainsail meant a capsized boat at the very least.

LEGENDS OF GOLD. Around the Hendersons the neighbors were nearly all wanderers. Salmon fishing, boat building and the coasting trade had carried them into many places, and the boys grew up amid an atmosphere of legend and stories of foreign riches. Both the brothers declare that as long ago as they can remember tales of the riches of Alaska were told in Nova Scotia. Some of the men had been there, and they had brought back legends of gold to fire the boys' imagination. The brothers firmly determined to go to Alaska as soon as they were big enough.

In the meantime Henry was working on a pilot boat and Robert had pulled loose and taken a trip in a coasting schooner to New Zealand and Australia. The gold fever always present, attacked him, and when he returned it was to tell Henry of the riches he had found. He was the first to find gold in the middle of winter, and he did it for the sake of the girl he had left behind in Nova Scotia—the breadth of the country away. Here is how he tells it: "You see, things had been pretty bad up in the Yukon that summer. Of course, I was running the boat, and all that, but I wasn't making much, and the placer mines were not panning out as well as I expected.

THROUGH THE PASS. I wandered around feeling mean and wishing I could see the little girl, when I runs into Johnny Reed and Hank Wright. Reed had his rounded up all the mail at a dollar a letter, and he says he's going to take it through. Wright allows he'll go alone, and what with me wanting to see the girl so badly, and the way they talked I said I'd go alone too.

"The first two days was pretty tough, and our dogs got their feet frost bitten. We had moccasins made to fit 'em all, but the plaguey beasts chewed them off and ate 'em. We got to Pelly River at last, and we were pretty glad to see the place, for we had been getting bad weather and were tired.

IN NEW YORK. The plan did not work. Robert reached home, emptied his pockets and his sea chest, and then pulled straight out for the West. He had served an apprenticeship as a carriage builder, and thought he could find both work and time to follow his beloved prospecting. Henry had struck hard luck. He landed in New York without a cent, but after a few days secured work embanking the Hudson at Sixty-seventh street. He was lonely, and he wrote constantly to the girl he had left behind in Nova Scotia. Way out in Colorado, hidden in the Black Canyon, Robert was lonesome, too. He also wrote long and often to the little girl in Nova Scotia. She naturally told the news in her letters to her prospective sister-in-law, and so the brothers, hardly knowing one another's addresses, heard frequently of one another's welfare.

By and by Henry decided that the Hudson river would have to keep its bounds without his assistance, and so he "pulled stakes" and joined his brother in the Black Canyon of Colorado.

"I found him helping build the Denver & Rio Grande railway," says Henry; and the pay was pretty good, but we soon made more money building coffins. The way they killed men in that canyon was something I never saw the like of. They were in a hurry to finish the road and they cared nothing for human life. They shipped men in there by the car load, just as if they were beavers. I tell you, pretty nearly every tie in that part of the road is laid atop of a man's body."

Then the brothers decided to make another attempt to get to Alaska. Their plan was to build a boat at Grand Junction, go down the Grand River, and so through Green River Canyon to the coast of Lower California. No man had ever made that trip alive, but the brothers meant to try it. They packed their food and supplies as far as Grand Junction and went up into the hills to whipsaw timber for that boat. There came along a man who wanted a ferryboat built.

VOWS RENEWED. He had lots of money, so the brothers put off the trip until they had somewhat depleted his pocketbook. For three years there were good times in Colorado. Comfort is a killer of enterprise; high hopes faint on a warm hearthstone, and so the trip to Alaska had to wait while the brothers made money. Both of them revisited Nova Scotia and renewed the vows to the girls of their hearts, but each waited for just a little more

money, which would make the future easy.

It didn't come. Before they could well turn around, Robert, broke, was working in the Aspen mines; Henry, moneyless, was working along the California coast as roustabout, long-shoreman and anything that promised a living. At last there came the long-awaited for chance to go into Alaska and in 1893 Henderson made his first trip over Chilcot Pass.

"I went in first in 1893," said Henderson yesterday. "But I didn't penetrate very far at the first off. Joe Ladue had a store up there, and I worked around that for a while. Then there was boating to be done, and say nothing of prospecting. Of course, we all knew there was gold in there, but nobody thought there was as much as afterward turned out. I did a good deal of prospecting in spare times and turned up some pretty good things. Then Ladue built a little stern-wheel steamer to carry supplies and truck from Forty Mile to Sixty Mile. He made me the skipper of her, and I was the first man that ever made the trip without an Indian pilot. She never touched once, and I beat the pilot's time two days."

"How do you do this prospecting you talk about?"

PANNING DIRT. "Why you have a gold pan. It's something like a wash bowl, only flatter. You take a couple of shovelfuls of what you think is pay dirt and put it in the pan. Then you dip the whole outfit under water and you want to do it gently. When you bring it up the top ought to be so you can wipe it off. Then little by little you throw water in and mix it around until you have slopped most of the dirt over the edge, and the stones and gravel and stuff are at the bottom. When you come to the black sand you want to be careful because the gold is just underneath. When you have got that you are through with the panful. The whole thing takes about three minutes.

"The other way is with a rocker. That is an arrangement by which the muddy water and stuff is filtered through blankets. The stuff left on top of the blankets you put in a 'mud box' and when the day's work is done you wash that stuff out in a pan until you have got rid of the dirt. Then you pour in quicksilver and mix it all around. The quicksilver and the gold form a sort of dough, and you can wash out the rest of the dirt. Then you take this mixture of gold and quicksilver and put it in a pan over the fire. The heat makes the quicksilver pass away as smoke, and there's your gold. That's all there is to it."

Henderson was the first man who ever passed the Chilcot Pass in the middle of winter, and he did it for the sake of the girl he had left behind in Nova Scotia—the breadth of the country away. Here is how he tells it: "You see, things had been pretty bad up in the Yukon that summer. Of course, I was running the boat, and all that, but I wasn't making much, and the placer mines were not panning out as well as I expected.

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### DOWN THE SLOPE.

"We could see something ahead that I said was the summit. The others said it was not; that we were lost, and would die. We quareled about that. Finally I started ahead by myself and looked over the ground. I satisfied myself that it was really the summit, and then came back and told the others. Wright came along at once but Reed lay back and said we were lost. He had been bragging all the way out of how well he knew the country. Wright and I went ahead, intending to make it by ourselves, if we had to, but after a while Reed came along. We went to the top of the place and looked at it. You know there is a place where you have to lie down and just slide to the bottom. Reed looked at it, said it was wrong, and that we were sure lost. Wright and I decided to try it anyhow. I took the sleighs and turned them loose down the slope. Then we set the dogs into a bunch and started the poor brutes going, and then we lay down on our faces, stuck our knives into the snow, to act as brakes and let go. Reed didn't want to be left, so he lay down and swore, and then came along.

"We had a bad time. That place is all right to slide down other times of the year, but you see, it had only just begun to set in for the year's snow, and there were drop-offs, and hummocks on that slide, we knew nothing about. I would strike one of those hummocks and just go straight up in the air and land on my ear again, like as not. We were the worst bruised-up outfit you ever saw when we got to the bottom. Reed, he gets up and shakes himself, and says, 'We're wrong anyhow, and we ought to have stayed up at the top.' Just then we found some of the tree stumps the miners had cut off, and we knew we were all right.

BUSTED TRAPS. "We were tired and worn and we had forgotten when we had anything to eat last, but we felt so good at the prospect of food ahead that we walked sixty miles that night, through the worst canyon there is on the 'trip. Just at the end we had one bit of tough luck. We had several times talked of killing and eating one of the dogs, but they had been good brutes and we didn't like to. When we got near Wilson's the Indians had traps set for beaver and so on. The hungry dogs went for them right away and two of them got caught. We had to shoot two of the dogs and pay the Indian \$3 for his busted traps. That was tough.

"We were played-out when we got to Wilson's, but we soon picked up, and after ten days went back to Sheep Camp for our gold dust and robes we had cached so as to travel light. Then I pulled right out for the warm country. I got to Aspen, Colo., in March and I told my brother all about it. He started for the Klondyke and I went to Nova Scotia and married the girl I had traveled right across the country to see. Then my brother came along and followed my example. He went back in again and started up the Yukon prospecting. In the spring of 1896 high water drove him out of the Indian river and he went up on to what is now called 'Gold Bottom.' That was really the first big strike made in the upper waters and it brought the crowd.

"I am going right back into the Klondyke now and shall make my second trip across the Chilcot Pass in the depth of winter."

They were men of scholarly look and fluent talkers and had evidently been having a discussion before they boarded the Staten Island ferry-boat. They took seats in the cabin, and one of them said: "No, my friend, your assertions as to the age of the world are founded on guesswork."

"Scientific research bears me out in all I say," replied the other.

"But science is often mistaken." Only now and then sir. There is no question but that this globe of ours was 50,000,000 years in forming.

"I don't believe it was a thousand years."

"Well, sir, you seem to be—" At that moment a plainly dressed woman, sitting close by with her jaw tied up and her eyes red with weeping, rose up to say: "Now, then, gentlemen, is this a talk ye are goin' to have all the way down to the island?"

"Yes, madam, we are talking," replied one.

"And what's it all about?" "The age of the world."

"Is that it, then. Well, sir, let me tell you that I've had a toothache for a week, and the dentist won't pull it for three days more."

"Sorry for you, madam."

"Well, sir, but if you keep up this confab and that tooth gets jumpin' again I'll be sorry for you! My Thomas will be at the dock to meet me, and if I tell him that you made me tired and set that tooth to twistin' my face over my ear this world won't stop him from makin' your heels break your neck! That's all, sir."

That was enough. They rose up and left the cabin to continue the discussion on the outside.

### SAVED FROM CRIME.

Sadie Ranstead was my cousin, and an angel, in my eyes at least.

I was an orphan without kith or kin in the world save Sadie and her mother. I was a child in short frocks and pinafores, and Sadie was a lovely young lady.

I was not so young but that I knew Sadie was an angel to at least one pair of eyes besides mine. I believe Colin Balfour could have kissed the ground she walked on.

He was very humble until she had promised to marry him, and then he began right away to be so unreasonable that he made her life just as miserable it could be.

Well, one day Colin Balfour went off in one of his rages an enlisted. Six months, a year, passed, and no word from Colin Balfour.

Other fellows came home on leave Colin neither came nor wrote, though a pretty Southern girl.

Sadie gave one moan when she heard it, then she took hold of me and shook me in a sort of passion of pain and outraged love.

"He is a wicked man, Greta. He has no more heart than stone. We will forget him.

The next day she had promised Granther Mayhew, who came often to the house—little dreamed I what for—that she would be his wife. Child as I was, and little comprehending, I was afraid of Sadie when I knew what she had promised and would not let her kiss me.

However, the kind old man was a great favorite of mine at the bottom, a genial, gentle, good man, who thought he was doing right and best in marrying a girl young enough to be his grandchild.

He and Sadie were married very shortly, and a new house was built quite away from the old one and on a site of Sadie's choosing.

Granther Mayhew was very kind and very patient. I think he never said an impatient word, though Sadie must have tried him sorely with her whims sometimes.

One day, when Sadie had been married about a year, Mamma Ranstead fell suddenly very ill, and while Sadie and I stood aghast with fear of what might happen, the worst happened that even could—Mamma Ranstead was dead.

Six months after came the news that Colin Balfour had been killed. Sadie had not seen him for nearly three years now, and she knew him treacherous and unworthy, but she shrank under the shock of hearing that he was dead, as though she had been still plighted his wife, and he was the hero of her widest imaginations.

One day, the day but one after the news came of Colin Balfour's death, there was a knock at the door of the cosy little parlor looking upon the garden, which Sadie called her garden-room.

I opened the door cautiously, thinking it must be a servant, and lo! there was Colin Balfour in the flesh.

He shot by me like a flash and caught the drooping figure on the sofa in his arms.

For answer, he turned shortly on his heel and moved noiselessly toward the terrace door.

Sadie drooped an instant and followed him.

Colin Balfour put an arm around her and bent his face a moment to her's then he led her down the hall again toward Granther Mayhew's door, released her and stood while she slowly advanced.

She opened the door of Granther Mayhew's room and vanished within. Suddenly, swift as thought, I ran back to my own chamber, which opened upon the piazza which ran by Granther Mayhew's windows.

My own windows are open; his might be. Stepping out I ran quickly along. Granther's windows were open, and as I dropped lightly over the ledge into the chamber the old man lay peacefully sleeping and Sadie stood beside his bed, a small, dark vial in one hand, the water goblet from which Granther drank through the night in the other.

"Oh, Greta! Greta! thank God you have come! Oh, Greta, save me!" "Are you good again, Sadie?" "I'm not so bad as I might have been, but for you, darling," she returned with a strange look, and leading me out into the hall; where was now no Colin Balfour, she went with me to my bed and lay down beside me till the servants were stirring. I was awakened by a hurried step and exclamation.

Granther Mayhew was dead! A small vial of laudanum was found on the carpet beside his bed, and it was at first supposed that he had died from an overdose of laudanum.

But a medical examination showed that he had come to his sudden death by perfectly natural causes. An acute disease, which had long preyed upon him without the knowledge of any save himself and his physician, had suddenly set its fangs at his heart while he slept.

That night, when they had dressed Granther Mayhew for his last rest, Sadie took me in to see him. There, with my hand in one of hers, and the other laid upon her dead husband's breast she vowed a vow nevermore to loop upon the face of Colin Balfour.—Boston Globe.

BABY AS SECURITY. How a Woman Secured Her Release From the Court.

It is to be hoped the army of small debtors who plead for mercy in the courts east of the Bowery, says the New York World, will not be encouraged by the story of Mrs. Siget Kunski's happy thought. This was too leave her baby in court as collateral security for the payment of her debt. And the baby won her release.

The scene of the little comedy is laid in Haverstraw. Mrs. Reuben Silverman last spring sold to Siget Kunski furniture valued at \$10.50. Mrs. Silverman was willing to accept \$4.50 on account of the debt and give Kunski credit for the balance.

The story ended in the old way. Kunski failed to keep up on his payments and moved to Stony Point, failing to tell Mrs. Silverman of the change. She finally located him, and Justice Hart, of Haverstraw, issued a summons for him, returnable Monday.

Kunski looked at the official-looking blue paper with fright. His ideas of common legal practice are yet in their infancy. To him the paper was simply an order for his immediate execution unless he paid the debt.

"It is useless," he said to his wife in Russian. "I am doomed. I will surrender myself. Bring my child, that I may see him before I am taken away."

And presently the couple, baby in arms, stood before Justice Hart pleading for mercy. He could not understand their words, but he understood that they wished the case to be tried at once. Mrs. Silverman being willing, an interpreter was obtained, and within three minutes Kunski was mulcted in the full amount claimed with costs.

He could not understand what it all meant until the interpreter shouted the word "execution" into his ear. "I knew it," he answered, and he began to weep. "They kill me because I cannot pay the money. I am lost."

Mrs. Kunski looked at the Judge, looked at her husband, looked at the baby. Then her face suddenly brightened. She kissed the child, stepped forward, laid it down on the Justice Hart's desk and ran out of the room. Kunski stared wildly around, then with a howl of dismay and fear he too turned and fled.

Justice Hart started back in his chair and gazed helplessly at the baby on his desk. The court officers grinned.

The Justice presently became aware that the baby was pretty, plump and sociable. Inside of two minutes the youngster, with an entire disregard of official etiquette or of reverence for the majesty of the law, was clambering over the judicial shoulder, poking its fingers into the judicial eye, and making little clutches at the judicial beard. Then it suddenly sat down upon the desk and began to cry, which meant it was hungry.